Providence, July 2, 1836.

My dear Wife:

28 In the course of two days, I shall be required to address a public audience in Fall River, on a great and awful subject — but where is my lecture? Is it only an echo that answers, "Where?" Stinted as I am for time, I must write you a few lines, just to say that all is well with me. Have you not a dutiful and an attentive husband? But I must not praise myself. No — but may I not give my wife a hint to praise me? "O you selfish creature!" What! selfish to desire the approbation of so good and gentle a partner as Helen Eliza Garrison!

I hope the old white horse carried you, and Anne, and the babe, safely home. The particulars of the jaunt must be interesting. I cannot ask, what did little George say after I left him — for, as he cannot talk, I must inquire, what did he cry? Doubtless he thought it useless to "cry aloud," or even to cry at all — at least I hope so, unless his lungs needed the exercise. How many strawberries were gathered by the way, and who picked them? I need not ask who ate them, because it is presumable that you did justice to the fruit — and I like your taste.

The stage did not arrive at Pomfret Landing until nearly half past 2 o'clock. I wandered about for more than two hours, trying to find a few strawberries, and was successful, they being very scarce indeed. Some of the time I sat upon a rock, and read portions of the trial of Dr. Crandall — a trial which ought to make stones speak, and rocks cry out. Then I sat upon the bank of a little brawling stream, with just water enough to signify that it was not dry land. Do you ask, why I did not

stop at the Post Office? Have you so soon forgotten that all incendiary publications must be thrown out of Uncle Sam's premises? And if the publications, why not the grand incendiary himself? But I should not have strolled so far, had I not expected the stage momently. When it arrived, it was crowded inside — mostly with females. There was a mother with a little girl, and a babe in her arms, which talked exactly in George's dialect, and almost precisely with his tone of voice. He behaved remarkably well all the way, except as we entered the suburbs of Providence, when (in imitation of our own "little troublesome comfort,") he cried lustily for a few minutes — perhaps it was a she, I know not. — I was glad to get an outside seat with the driver all the way, which, in pleasant weather, is decidedly the best of all. The day was exceedingly warm, although the sun was partially enveloped in smoke, and the horses panted and sweat very much. Of necessity we rode very slowly, only four or five miles an hour, and did not arrive in Providence till about 9 o'clock. The route for scenery is a magnificent one — but, horror of horrors! it is as much more hilly than the Brooklyn road, as Mr. May is handsomer than cousin Joel!

Bro. George, with true brotherly kindness, met me at the stage-house, and escorted me to his dwelling. He and Catharine are in very good health, (so I judge) — and as for little Anne, she is improving finely, having lost her death-like aspect, and now eating heartily. As yet, she has but one eye-tooth.

It is now one o'clock, and the steam-boat is not in from New-York, owing to the fog — some expect Henry, though he may stay a few days longer in New-York.

As a specimen of the growing wickedness of the times, take the fact that a military company is to arrive here by appointment to-morrow, (the Sabbath,) from New-York, and that another military company is to turn out here to escort them through the streets! In the afternoon, they are to march to Rev. Dr. Crocker's meeting-house, where I suppose they have been specially invited. Guns, bayonets, swords, plumes, banners, epaulets, in church on the Sabbath! It seems a studied, and is a most aggravated profanation of the day.

At 3 o'clock, I depart for Fall River in the steamboat. This forenoon I have written about a dozen pages of my address, and must finish the remainder as I can. The God of the oppressed be with me to enlighten and strengthen me.

I have had no time to call at sister Charlotte's. Tell bro. May the anti-slavery friends will undoubtedly hold a meeting here on the 1st of August, though none on Monday next. They will be glad to have him on that occasion.

In galloping haste, after desiring to be affectionately remembered to all the household, and to have many kisses given to our darling boy for my sake, I remain,

With great and growing affection,

Yours, ever,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single.

PROVIDENCE
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R. I.

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.